

*"I hear of Sherlock everywhere"*



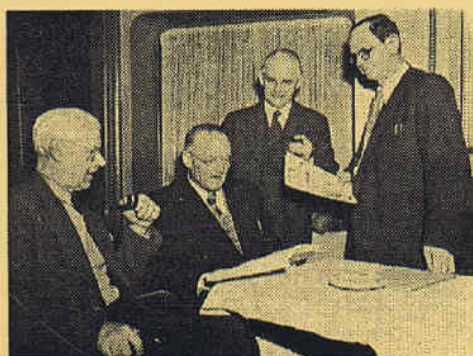
# Sherlockiana

MEDDELELSER FRA

SHERLOCK HOLMES KLUBBEN I DANMARK  
THE DANISH BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Special issue for  
THE SHERLOCK HOLMES SOCIETY OF LONDON's  
GOLDEN JUBILEE CRUISE, August/September 2001

*From Sherlock Holmes Klubben's guest book:*



*The 'founding fathers'*  
(from left): Iver Gudme, Verner Seemann,  
Aage Jensen & A.D. Henriksen.



*Restaurant 'Buuris'*  
November 14, 1951:  
William S. Hall & A.D. Henriksen.



*Restaurant 'Buuris' January 5, 1952:*  
A.D. Henriksen & Wilmer T. Rabe.



*Hotel Victoria, September 30, 1959:*  
Felix Morley, Mrs. Morley (?) & A.D. Henriksen.



# Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark

## The Danish Baker Street Irregulars

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### SHERLOCK HOLMES KLUBBEN I DANMARK

(The Danish Baker Street Irregulars)

was founded on December 5<sup>th</sup> 1950.

President: Verner Seemann (1).

Vicepresident: Iver Gudme (2).

General secretary: A.D. Henriksen (3).

Members of the board: Aage Jensen (4), Eigil Cordtz (5).

\*

The first meeting was at "Buriis" on January 5<sup>th</sup> 1951,  
where the following members were admitted:

Alex Secher (6), K.J. Grønbech (7), John Darville (8),  
Gunnar Berndorff (9), Aage Rieck Sørensen (10),  
Svend Aage Pallis (11), J.D. Monrad (12), Olaf Kjelstrup (13),  
Poul Arenfalk (14), Niels Jørgen Haagerup (15) and  
Chr. Stub-Jørgensen (16).

\*

Today the club has circa 60 members,  
and the annual dinner is held around January 6<sup>th</sup>.  
Furthermore, every year the club donates prizes for the races  
*Silver Blaze Sweepstakes* and *Professor Moriarty Memorial*  
at Aalborg Væddeløbsbane.

\*

The dues are 100 kr.

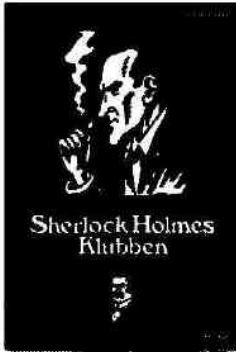
\*

To become a member one must prove knowledge of  
Sherlock Holmes by writing an article for the club's newsletter  
*Sherlockiana*  
that is published 2 or 3 times a year.

\*

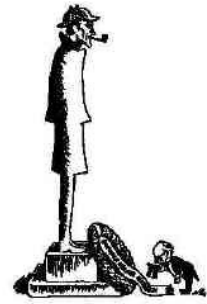
You can subscribe to *Sherlockiana* for 50 kr. a year in Denmark,  
60 kr. in Scandinavia and 75 kr. in the rest of the world.

From



**HENRY LAURITZEN, B.S.I**  
*Sherlock Holmes Klubben 1950-1975.*

Privately printed in 613 copies.  
Published at Klubben's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary  
December 5, 1975.



Translated by Ole Licht.

It did not actually start with us, for as early as December 6th 1946, *Sherlock Holmes Selskabet* had been founded in Copenhagen. Robert Storm Petersen, the artist, was president and the central figure until his death in 1949, and among its twelve members the society numbered people as Jørgen Cold, attorney, who was secretary-general, Anker Kirkeby, editor, Jens Jensen, district medical officer and son of Johs. V. Jensen, Aage Marcus, librarian, and the professors C.A. Bodelsen and Chr. Elling.

As this exclusive and secluded little society did not want to widen the number of members, it was decided by a circle of interested persons outside the society to found their own club, and this was how *Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark, The Danish Baker Street Irregulars* - to give the full and formidable title - was started on December 5th, 1950. The event took place at restaurant Buriis, Nørrevold in Copenhagen.

Sherlock Holmes Klubben elected Verner Seemann, librarian, president, Iver Gudme, publisher's reader, vicepresident, and A.D. Henriksen, author and archivist, secretary-general. The other committee members were Aage Jensen, author and librarian, and Eigil Cordtz, who was at that time an assistant.

The credit for getting the club started and for its growth is rightly due to A.D. Henriksen, for he was the driving force of the project. The previous year he had published *221B, Baker Street*, he was burning with enthusiasm for the cause, he energetically poured out communications to the members, and when the *Sherlockiana* magazine was first published in 1956 it was quite natural that he should be its editor.

Both Iver Gudme and Verner Seemann were well-reputed translators of Sherlock Holmes, and Seemann further distinguished himself by being an acknowledged expert on wine. When the rest of us enjoyed a goldlabelled Export-Beer, he would be sipping his brandy, following the conversation with his quiet humorous smile. — Alas, times have changed! Seemann, Gudme and A.D. have now all joined the circle of true Holmes-connoisseurs in Elysium - or wherever it is that we shall assemble . . .

In the statutes of Sherlock Holmes Klubben it was clearly stated from the beginning, "The purpose is to study both the conanical and the apocryphal publications on Sherlock Holmes and to take an active part in the international Holmes-research". And further, "The club will accept as a member anybody, who can produce documentary or convincing evidence of his interest in the purpose".

January 6th is the Master's birthday, and the annual meetings of the club take place on or around this date. That the annual meeting is generally held on saturdays is out of consideration for the members from the provinces.

The membership card displays the profile of the Master, a drawing by Alex Secher of 221B, Baker Street with a hansom cab in front, and the last lines of Vincent Starrett's famous poem are quoted,

*Here, though the world explode, these two survive,  
And it is always eighteen ninety-five.*

On the first of January, less than one month after the founding, the number of members was sixteen. The new club had aroused a certain interest with the press, as Mr. Holmes provided good, cheerful - and valuable - news, and already in February the club took part in a radio programme in a series called "An Evening in the Club".

In 1951 London was the setting for a huge arrangement, *Festival of Britain*, and in this connection a Sherlock Holmes exhibition was held in Baker Street, which very nearly stole the main interest in the gigantic arrangement. The apartment at 221B had been correctly recreated to the smallest detail, and tapes had been recorded, which enabled you to hear the clip-clop of the horses trotting by with their hansom cabs, the paper boys shouting the latest news of the Boer War etc. - and when this exhibition later toured the U.S.A. a bottle had been added containing genuine London fog from Baker Street. Some of the exhibits later ended up in *The Sherlock Holmes*, a pub in Northumberland Street, where they may still be inspected.

If you should wonder how to fill a bottle with fog, the procedure is to fill the bottle with water and then on a lovely but very foggy evening to proceed to Baker Street, where you pour the water out. During this process the fog will seep into the bottle, and you can cork the bottle. This little problem caused som headaches, until this easy solution was found.

Sherlock Holmes Klubben contributed to the London exhibition with various material, among other things Tage la Cour's publication *Ex Bibliotheca Holmesiana*, which earned a lot of well-deserved praise.

Danish newspapers made frequent comments on Festival of Britain and its Sherlock Holmes show, and they made use of the opportunity to write about the Danish Sherlock Holmes Klub, so we had quite an amount of publicity.



Since then the coverage in the press has been more sparing, the interest of novelty dwindled, and the general development forced the papers to be more chary of their columns. But, as Mr. Holmes puts it in *The Six Napoleons*, "The Press, Watson, is a most valuable institution, if only you know how to use it".

From the very start the foreign Sherlock Holmes people had taken the Danish club into their arms, and lasting relations were made, resulting in an enormous correspondence. But many of them did not stop at correspondence, and in course of time we have been visited by an amazingly long row of good names, many of them coming from far away.

Just to mention a selection of the foreign guests one notes from the U.S.A., William S. Hall, Wilmer ("Bill") T. Rabe (who drove his car here in foggy weather straight from the U.S. forces in Germany bringing a bottle of VAT 69 at a time, when Scotch whisky was hard to come by here, for which reason he was immediately made an honorary member), Peter E. Blau, now living in Washington D.C., Felix Morley, Edgar W. Smith, Irving Fenton and professor, dr. Philip S. Hench, who was awarded the Nobel prize in physiology. On the telephone Mr. Hench said to the writer, "I am a professor in" - followed by a long, intricate Latin name, which I did not quite manage to grasp - "but in confidence I can tell you, Mr. Laaarrtzn, that I am much more interested in Sherlock Holmes!"



## THE CIMBRIAN FRIENDS OF BAKER STREET

Originally started as a "dinner society" in Aalborg .

From 1960 a 'scion society'.

Never more than six members  
and never officially dissolved.



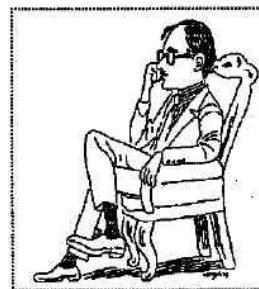
From **Jon Lellenberg**:

*Irregular Crises of the Late 'Forties: An Archival History of the Baker Street Irregulars - Summer 1947-December 1950.*

New York, Baker Street Irregulars 1999.

BSI Archival Series No. 5.

**Third Scionic Interpolation: EUROPEAN SOCIETIES**



More certain of existence, but considerably harder to board<sup>1</sup>, was Denmark's **Sherlock Holmes Selskabet i København**. It arose in 1946, after Prof. dr. phil. Christian Elling published his reconstruction of 221B Baker Street in the Copenhagen daily newspaper *Politiken*, on April 7, 1946, and a number of other devotees wrote in to comment. Leading the sodality originally was the beloved Danish humorist and cartoonist Robert Storm-Petersen, the author of some Sherlock Holmes parodies there, and later by lawyer Jørgen Cold after Storm-P.'s death in 1949. The Selskabet was in touch with the BSI, and reports of its doings appeared once or twice in the Original Series *BSJ*. They described a club life much like any scion society - "the architect Mr. Biilmann Petersen announced that he will bring in a severe criticism to the map of the Dartmoor-heath published in **THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL**, which map he supposes incorrect," read one such item in the Selskabet's report to the January 1949 *BSJ*. But another item from that same report suggests long before the BSI started hearing David Musto ("Dr. Anstruther") and others tell of planting the Sherlockian flag in remote spots on the globe like Antarctica, intrepid Danes were doing the same sort of thing fifty years ago: "At the meeting on October 26th," the Selskabet continued, "one of the members, Dr. med. Jurisprudence Jens Jensen, gave a report on his participation in the Danish Pearyland-Expedition 1948 to Eastern Greenland in order to spread the knowledge of Sherlock Holmes in latitudes 83° north."



**Sherlock Holmes Selskabet**  
**i København**

Statuary for *Sherlock Holmes Selskabet i København*.

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<sup>1</sup> ... than the Dutch Sherlockian society *The Crew of the S.S. Friesland*.

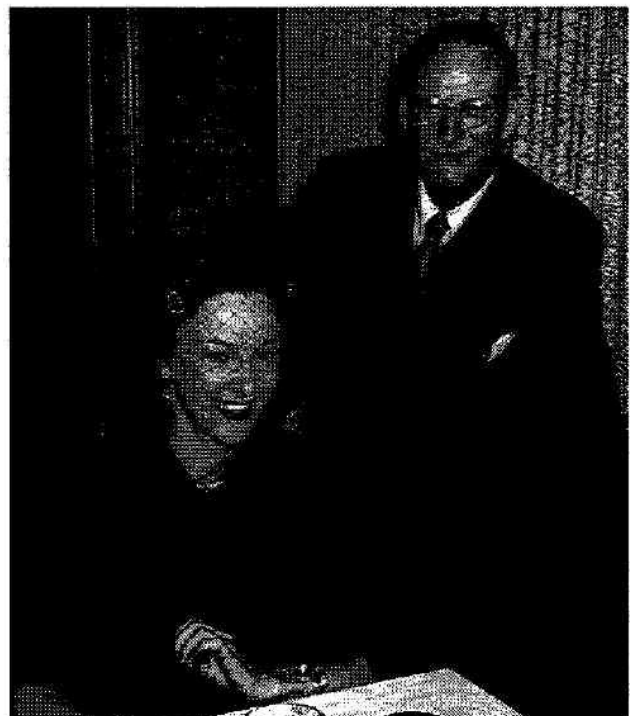


Less well known to Americans than a later society in Denmark, the Selskabet bore something of the early relationship between the BSI and The Five Orange Pips. It looked to no other body for legitimacy and inspiration, it consisted at most of a dozen men, with personal ties permitting intimate sodality, and it had little interest in enlarging its circle. So when A. D. Henriksen applied to join the Selskabet in 1950 and was rebuffed, he stalked off to found a society of his own, the **Sherlock Holmes Klubben in Danmark** ("The Danish Baker Street Irregulars"), with eleven others. (Twelve for the Selskabet, twelve for the Klubben: Parity.)

The Selskabet were men of education and learning, but under Henriksen the Klubben went for Sherlockian scholarship with a vengeance. Henriksen was a terribly serious man, even in his poetry, and a cold, rather remote figure who governed the Klubben with a solemn countenance and a firm hand on affairs. "I was scared to death of him," says its current president, Bjarne Nielsen ("The Veiled Lodger"), who joined later as a teen-ager. But Henriksen's knowledge of Sherlock Holmes was profound, he was a commanding father-figure, and the Sherlock Holmes Klubben grew and thrived. Its handsomely produced scholarly publications attracted much favorable comment from American Irregulars, even if appearing mostly in a language not very many of us could read. Also impressive was *Sherlockiana*, the quarterly journal Henriksen edited for the Klubben. Henriksen was acclaimed "A Case of Identity" in the BSI in 1959.



*Hotel Victoria, May 11, 1960:  
Henry Lauritzen & Edgar W. Smith.*



*Restaurant 'Buuris', January 27, 1955:  
Anna Conan Doyle & Verner Seemann.*

## *Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark*

Correspondance: A.D. Henriksen,  
*General Secretary*

Rønnnekrogen 1, Bagsvaerd, Denmark



*Membership card for  
Henry Lauritzen, BSI.*

This formally authenticated Danish society was founded on December 5, 1950, under the presidency of Verner Seeman and the vice-presidency of Iver Gudme. The annual meeting will be held each year "on the 6<sup>th</sup> of January or thereabouts." Mr. Henriksen, archivist and author, who has published several coveted works in the field of Sherlockiana, announces that the first provincial group (the scion of a Scion) will be established this year.

*The Baker Street Journal*, New Series, Vol.  
1, No. 1, January 1951

## Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark

Correspondance: A.D. Henriksen,  
General-Secretary

Ronnekrogen 1, Bagsvaerd, Denmark

The Danish public has shown great interest in the activities of this Scion, and the State Radio has broadcast one of its meetings.

At the gathering on January 5, study was given to the different Danish translations of The Musgrave Ritual, and the following day the members attended an exclusive showing of a Sherlock Holmes film. The Klub expects shortly a visit from Old Irregular W.S. Hall, and is meanwhile preparing its participation in the Sherlock Holmes Memorial Exhibition in London, which the General-Secretary will visit.

*The Baker Street Journal*,  
New Series, Vol. 1, No. 3, July 1951



*Backside of membership card from  
The Danish Baker Street Irregulars  
with the last lines of Vincent Starrett's poem.  
Drawing by Alex Secher.*



## ***Denmark in the Canon***

*Madame Charpentier:* "Mr Drebber has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stangerson, had been travelling on the Continent. I noticed a "**Copenhagen**" label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place."  
*A Study in Scarlet*

*The King of Bohemia:* "I am about to be married."

*Holmes:* "So I have heard."

*The King of Bohemia:* "To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meningen, second daughter of **the King of Scandinavia**. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

*A Scandal in Bohemia*

*Lord St. Simon:* "A most painful matter to me, as you can most readily imagine, Mr Holmes. I have been cut to the quick. I understand you have already managed several delicate cases of this sort, sir, though I presume that they were hardly from the same class of society."

*Holmes:*

*Lord St. Simon:* "No, I am descending."

*Holmes:* "I beg pardon?"

*Lord St. Simon:* "My last client of the sort was a king."

*Holmes:* "Oh, really! I had no idea. And which king?"

*Lord St. Simon:* "**The King of Scandinavia.**"

*Holmes:* "What! Had he lost his wife?"

"You can understand," said Holmes, suavely, "that I extend to the affairs of my other clients the same secrecy which I promise to you in yours."

*The Noble Bachelor*

*Holmes:* "Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to **the Royal Family of Scandinavia**, and to the French Republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches."

*The Final Problem*

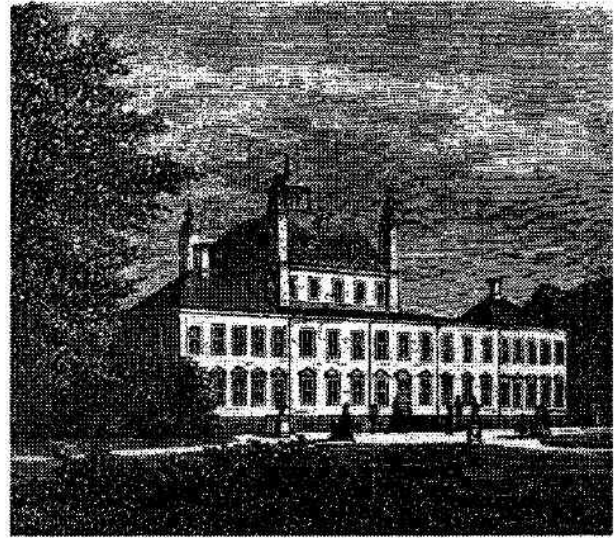
# GLOBE-TROTT

(Erling Welblund):

## Sidelights From All Parts of the World

Translated by Jan Heinemann

**King Christian the Ninth was  
assisted by Sherlock Holmes -  
but why was the great detective  
delayed on his trip to  
Fredensborg?**



*Fredensborg Slot.*

### **Christian the Ninth's illustrious visitor.**

As far as rumours are concerned, eventually light has been shed on one which has been circulating for many years. And the clarity thus obtained has been reached not by denial, but by final confirmation.

The credit for this is due to Poul Arenfalk, the historian, who may already boast of several meritorious - and we dare say - extremely subtle scholarly feats. His latest achievement has just appeared along with a parallel investigation performed by Mr Erik Hall in an impressive work<sup>2</sup> published by The Danish Baker Street Irregulars, also known as "Sherlock Holmes-Klubben i Danmark", and in our Globe-trott articles we are thus once more - but hardly for the last time - brought to this inexhaustible subject.

According to Arenfalk's investigations it can be established that from the 12<sup>th</sup> to the 16<sup>th</sup> of September 1887 Holmes stayed at Fredensborg Castle in North Zealand, engaged by King Christian the Ninth to find a discreet solution to a delicate problem. For several years Sherlockians have suspected that the Danish king sought help from the great detective, and Watson suggests as much more or less vaguely in several of his records. Thus, in *The Noble Bachelor* we find the following exchange of words:

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<sup>2</sup> Poul Arenfalk & Erik Hall: *When Was Sherlock Holmes in Copenhagen? & Who Are the Characters in "A Scandal in Bohemia?"*, Private edition, Copenhagen 1960, printed in 221 copies.



*"A most painful matter to me, as you can readily imagine, Mr. Holmes. I have been cut to the quick. I understand that you have already managed several delicate cases of this sort, sir, though I presume that they were hardly from the same sort of class of society."*

*"No, I am descending."*

*"I beg pardon."*

*"My last client of the sort was a king."*

Other hints delivered by Watson similarly point towards the Danish monarch as being identical with this king. On the other hand, what exactly Holmes was supposed to do for Christian the Ninth has never been ascertained. When the slightly tactless English Lord asked him whether the King too had lost his wife, Holmes replied drily:

*"You can understand," said Holmes suavely, "that I extend to the affairs of my other clients the same secrecy which I promise to you in yours."*

Holmes has not broken this discretion since, and the somewhat indiscreet Watson has not been in a position to do so, since he was not present during Holmes' royal Scandinavian detective work.

However, thanks to Arenfalk we now know that the case was connected with an embarrassing episode among the many illustrious guests at Fredensborg, during Queen Louise's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday on September the 7<sup>th</sup> 1887.

Through source studies comprising the pedigrees of the European royal families, as well as the timetable of DSB (Danish Railways) from 1887, contemporary weather reports for the Baltic Sea, in addition to archives of musical history and much else, including the story of Buffalo Bill's life, Arenfalk has succeeded in providing an exceedingly complicated and tortuous, yet logically irrefutable demonstration of Holmes' stay at Fredensborg. Readers are referred to the original essay (published in 221B (!) numbered copies), since a summary of details would take up far too much space here. However, there is one aspect of the matter which - in the interest of historical truth - we must deal with as sceptical critics.

Arenfalk is confident that he can show that during his journey from London to Fredensborg Holmes spent one night pseudonymously at Centralhotellet (the old one with the famous restaurant "Paraplyen") in Copenhagen, and that in the evening he attended the performance of Wagner's posthumous symphony conducted by Johan Svendsen.

Regrettably, we must challenge this claim as being highly doubtful.

We are bound to assume that on his journey Holmes had no cause to stay longer in Copenhagen - a city which could hardly have been of any special interest to him - than it would take him to walk from the old central railway station to the likewise subsequently dismantled northern-line station.

## Why was Holmes delayed ?

According to Arenfalk Holmes departed from Victoria Station in London on the 10<sup>th</sup> of September for Kiel, with the intention of continuing by the mail boat to Korsør, due for arrival there in the morning of the twelfth, in time to catch the 8-train due for arrival in Copenhagen 10:30, with plenty of time for catching the Fredensborg-train due to depart at 11 o'clock sharp, thus being able to announce his arrival to the King already at noon on the 12<sup>th</sup>.

Nevertheless, Christian the Ninth had to wait the entire day, since Holmes did not arrive until the 13<sup>th</sup> of September. The cause of the delay is presumed to lie in the fact that the steam packet between Kiel and Korsør had been delayed so much by easterly wind that Holmes did not arrive in time for his train-connections, thus having to spend the night in Copenhagen.

Indeed, this explanation is possible, yet a more plausible theory presents itself. We are inclined to think that Holmes' delay occurred already at Victoria Station.

To-day British Railways are the most punctual in the world - at best rivalled by the Swedish ones. Yet this was not so in Holmes' times. On the contrary. The British Railways, which in those days were run by numerous private railway companies, were notorious for the limitless confusion prevailing among them. In this matter we need merely refer to the sober report made by J.K. Jerome and William Samuel Harris (not forgetting the assistance of Montmorency) in their historic work *Three Men in a Boat*, published 1889 on the basis of a study tour undertaken in the spring of 1888:

*We got to Waterloo at eleven, and asked where the eleven-five started from. Of course nobody knew; nobody at Waterloo ever does know where a train is going to start from, or where a train when it does start is going to, or anything about it. The porter who took our things thought it would go from number two platform, while another porter, with whom he discussed the question, had heard a rumour that it would go from number one. The station-master, on the other hand, was convinced it would start from the local. To put an end to the matter, we went upstairs, and asked the traffic superintendent, and he told us that he had just met a man, who said he had seen it at*



*In the early part of his reign King Christian IX was known as "The Soldier King".*

*Later, however, the image of the gallant trooper was replaced by that of a quiet family father.*

*The hedonistic Edward - who was married to the monarch's daughter, Alexandra - found him a trifle dull.*



number three platform. We went to number three platform, but the authorities there said that they rather thought that train was the Southampton express, or else the Windsor loop. But they were sure it wasn't the Kingston train, though why they were sure it wasn't they couldn't say.

Then our porter said he thought that must be it on the high-level platform; said he thought he knew the train. So we went to the high-level platform, and saw the engine-driver, and asked him if he was going to Kingston. He said he couldn't say for certain of course, but that he rather thought he was. Anyhow, if he wasn't the 11.5 for Kingston, he said he was pretty confident he was the 9.32 for Virginia Water, or the 10 a.m. express for the Isle of Wight, or somewhere in that direction, and we should all know when we got there. We slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and begged him to be the 11.5 for Kingston.

"Nobody will ever know, on this line," we said, "what you are, or where you're going. You know the way, you slip off quietly and go to Kingston."

"Well, I don't know, gents," replied the noble fellow, "but I suppose SOME train's got to go to Kingston; and I'll do it. Gimme the half-crown."

Thus we got to Kingston by the London and South-Western Railway. We learnt, afterwards, that the train we had come by was really the Exeter mail, and that they had spent hours at Waterloo, looking for it, and nobody knew what had become of it.

Watson himself touches upon the exasperating conditions obtaining in the British railways. In *The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez* he describes the journey by train from London to Chatham as "long and weary", and yet it did not involve more than a trip of 30 kilometres, and in *The Adventure of the Speckled Band*, Watson, whose sense of humour is not habitually outspoken, makes the pointedly ironical remark: "At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for Leatherhead."

In any case, we may safely assume that Holmes' situation at Victoria Station in 1887 was hardly more favourable than Jerome and Harris' at Waterloo Station 6 months later, and since bribing an engine driver is incompatible with Holmes' character, it is more than likely that he has had to fool around for so long, first at the station and then on a train on the lines in Surrey and Kent, that he has already lost a travelling day before reaching Dover.

In other words, Poul Arenfalk must support his explanation of Holmes' delay a little more thoroughly, before we can blame it on the easterly wind rather than the British railways.



Ill. by Henry Lauritzen, BSI.

Incidentally, I am obliged to inform my readers that the London-division of the Baker Street Irregulars, at the suggestion of A.D. Henriksen of Bagsværd, author and chairman of the Danish division, has initiated a detailed investigation of the problems raised by me in a Globe-trott article about a month ago, i.a. in particular the question on which corner of Montague Street Holmes was living in his pre-Watson period.

With the irresistably charming and solemn thoroughness with which the Irregulars devote themselves to their game - and which the above-mentioned scholarly investigations carried out by Mr Arenfalk illustrate most delightfully - we are confident that this charmingly irrelevant question too will find its correct answer based on sparkling logic, which I shall present to those of my readers who have not yet tired of the joke.

From *Fyns Social-Demokrat*, April 3, 1960.



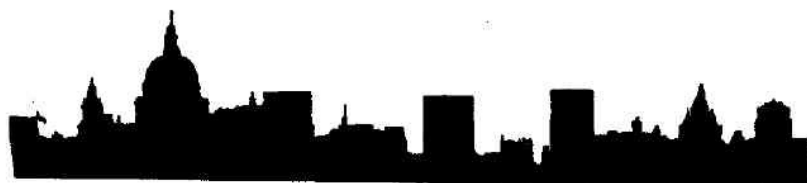
*Family reunion in 1886. Christian IX is seated on the settee next to his queen. Due to his numerous offspring married to a great many European princes and princesses, the King was popularly referred to as "Europe's Father-in-Law", and the happy days spent with his large family in the 80ties and 90ties known as "The Fredensborg Days".*

*Painting by Laurits Tuxen, 1883. Now at the Frederiksborg Museum.*



*The Danish Baker Street Irregulars would like to thank ...*

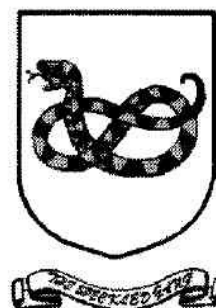
**THE  
BRITISH  
EMBASSY**



## THE COPENHAGEN SPECKLED GANG

By Mia Stampe & Jan Heinemann

The Danish Baker Street Irregulars have recently celebrated their 50th anniversary, which, however, does not mean that their level of activity has declined. On the contrary. On the 7th of June 2000 seven of the Irregulars founded a small scion which was named The Copenhagen Speckled Gang.



This step may be seen as a natural consequence of the fact that The Irregulars - including our beloved President - are scattered all over the country, thus imposing certain geographical restrictions on the frequency of social gatherings. It should be added, however, that our decision has met with the approval of our President, and that he himself - although he is quite a busy man - has honoured our meetings by his presence on several occasions.

As for the name of our group, Copenhagen seemed appropriate since all of us live in the capital, and 'speckled' naturally suggested itself because we conceive of ourselves as a mixed lot, whereas the criminal connotations of the word 'gang' appealed to our secret fascination with shady affairs - we do not wish to appear *too* respectable. Moreover, with the allusion to *The Speckled Band* we might perhaps be justified in occasionally displaying a venomous tongue.

The Gang, as the small group ordinarily calls itself, regularly organizes film showings, meetings and other activities centered around the Master and his exploits. Usually the meetings are held alternately at members' homes, and our discussions touch upon all kinds of Sherlockian subjects, from the Saga itself, including special points of interest, through scholarly writings and pastiches, the films, study tours and visits to other Sherlockians abroad.

The Speckled Gang publicize their activities through *The Shirt-Cuff Notes* in *Sherlockiana*, the journal of the Danish Baker Street Irregulars, in addition to the home page [www.sherlockiana.net/shklub/index\\_en.html](http://www.sherlockiana.net/shklub/index_en.html). The aim of the Gang, like that of the parent organization, is to stimulate interest in the Saga through discussions and exchanges of ideas. It goes without saying that The Speckled Gang is open to all members of the Danish Baker Street Irregulars, just as friends and kindred spirits may be invited to our meetings and special arrangements. Perhaps such guests may eventually wish to candidate for membership of The Irregulars, thus adding to the list of active Sherlockians, and - hopefully - infusing new blood in terms of youth and the fair sex.

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt-cuff. (LARA)

### The Shirt-Cuff Notes





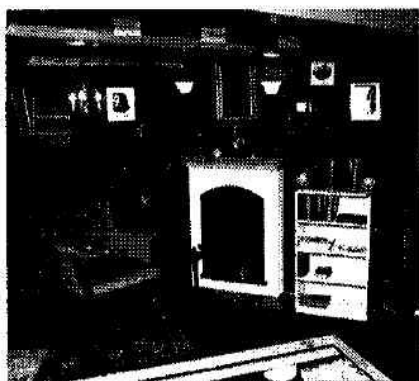
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## THE SHERLOCK HOLMES MUSEUM & ANTIQARIAT



The exhibition contains mostly books about Sherlock Holmes - including pamphlets, booklets, comics, grammophone records, articles, pictures and so on. In all modesty the collection is probably among the biggest in Europe.

Apart from the written testimonies about the Master Detective we also have several artifacts - figures, dolls, mugs, stamps, lapel pins and other things pertaining to Sherlock Holmes.

For instance a brick from 221 B Baker Street, Holmes' violin, his persian slipper in which he kept his tobacco, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's suitcase and a small vial of sand from the Reichenbach Falls where Holmes fought against his arch enemy Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime.

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## **STORM P. –** *a Danish Sherlock Holmes Connoisseur*

**by Jens Bing, Curator of the Storm P. Museum**  
**(Translated by Kristian H. Cordtz)**

Storm P. was only 18 years old when he wrote in his travel diary that he had now read all the books in Danish by Conan Doyle that you could possibly lay your hand on. The year was 1901, and he was on board a schooner bound for Newcastle. His maritime employment was yet another attempt to find an alternative to the butcher's trade that he was born into and which, actually, had been decided for him.

The year before, when he was only 17, he had changed the plain, respectable name of Robert Storm Petersen into his artist's name "Storm P." The name hinted pretention, perhaps even ambitions, but still didn't show a clearly identified goal.

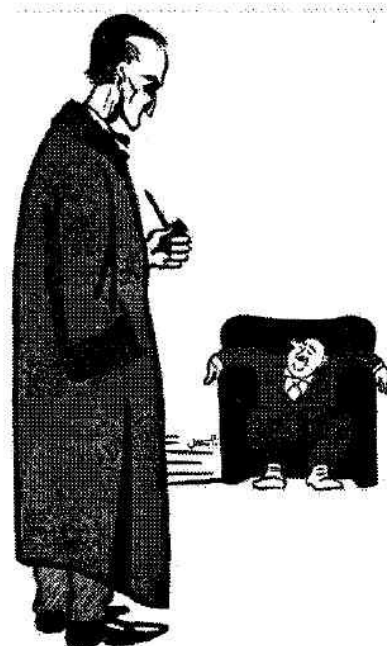
Sometimes he would sign his name "S. Holmes" and also boast of his pictorial likeness with the established illustrators' portrait of the great Detective. In the caricatures of police officers from all over the world, his very first published cartoons, in the police gazette, traces of Storm P.'s profound fascination with crimes, and no less with their background, are clearly found indicated. This social outlook inevitably placed him in an ambivalent position in relation to Holmes' excentric way of deducting, taking place in distinguished respectability.

Characteristic of the Storm P.-elaborations in lines and words of Sherlock Holmes' labyrinthine conclusions, the mysteries would bud into monstrosities that would show the master Detective in a comic but not, for that very reason, a less enjoyable light.

Not until after the failure of an American tour in 1919, and when, later in life, Storm P. had gained recognition as a cartoonist, did Sherlock Holmes' brilliantly sparkling moments in front of the fireplace with Dr. Watson as the vital "straight man" turn into something unique to Storm P., which he grew to love and admire. In Storm P.'s view these sparkling moments presented themselves as a counterweight to Poe's real horror and the inescapable photographic reports from the American crime magazines he subscribed to.

That very difference leaps to the reader's eyes in Storm P.'s fictitious visit to Holmes, written in 1931. From the beginning the real reason for the meeting is certainly quite obvious although Storm P. informs his reader that Sherlock Holmes was for the time being working hard at the problem of "The Disappeared Omnibus." The conversation would have to be about a topic where Storm P. met Holmes on equal terms: pipes and tobacco.

When, in 1946, the initiative was taken for the founding of a Sherlock Holmes Society, Storm P. was the obvious president. He felt deeply





honoured when asked to accept the office. The learned members, all highly influential gentlemen, constituted the Society in the Copenhagen "Bager" Street (Dan. g = Eng. k in orig. AS words, the translator's Webster puts it), and also it was in the middle of Storm P.'s childhood area.

From the minutes you will understand that the meetings were conducted in the "objective spirit and noble manner" which their purpose called for, one member (a professor of the history of art at the University of Copenhagen) remembers. And also that Storm P. attached great importance on initiating the learned Circle in the methods of deduction. When, for example, on their way to the obligatory meal the members passed by a basement with wire net in the windows, he would stop and perspicaciously point out that in all likelihood the inhabitants of the house kept hens. Or he might enter the assembly room walking backwards. To those present, at the same time both surprised and fascinated, he would then proclaim that it is always important that the footsteps point away from the scene of the crime. For being the ingenious man he was, he found it of the utmost importance that the gesture of humour is understood in the spirit for which it is meant.

In his memory of the fictional conversation with Holmes about tobacco, which Storm P. recalled, he leaves the last words to the master Detective, "We can thank the Indians for everything" – Holmes reached for his violin, and his fingers thoughtfully stroked the strings – "as Brander Matthews puts it: 'When I'm smoking, jesting, joking, there is no King half so gay.' – and now Mr. Petersen you'll have to excuse me – I hear heavy steps on the stairs – it's Lestrade from Scotland Yard – I think he needs some help in the case of the empty kitchen."

In Frederiksberg (a district in Copenhagen) a Storm P. (1882 –1949) Museum was established in 1977. Besides showing his drawings and paintings and his widespread activities as an actor, it also contains his large collection of pipes, app. 450 pieces.

*The Danish Baker Street Irregulars would like to thank ...*



Jens Bing  
from  
**THE STORM P. MUSEUM**  
Frederiksberg Runddel  
2000 Frederiksberg

# THE HISTORY OF COPENHAGEN

by Kristian Hasle Cordtz

In Danish a beautiful girl is often referred to as "a herring". And Copenhagen is actually founded on herrings. In the Middle Ages, before the invention of pollution, so many herrings went through the Øresund and down into the Baltic Sea that for a couple of hundred years you could just shovel them up. And in Catholic Europe where 40 days Lent was mandatory, salted herrings were in great demand. So in 1167 Bishop Absalon built a fort and a stonewall around a suitable piece of land to protect the market and tax the merchants; ever since then taxation has been one of the ruling principles in Copenhagen.

In those days, and up until 1658, the southernmost parts of Sweden were Danish, and a growing city almost in the middle of the country soon caught the eyes of the king (taxation), and in 1416 King Erik of Pommerania quietly annexed the City From the Bishop of Roskilde. The City grew steadily for a couple of hundred years although its inhabitants experienced a couple of sieges in the beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> Century (they supported a king (Christiern II) who thought it wiser to levy taxes on the wealthy nobility than on the not-so-rich citizens; the nobility changed the king and won the war). In 1588 we got King Christian IV, indirectly familiar to most English-speaking persons all over the world (he had an English brother-in-law named James (I); once, during a family-visit in London, James wanted to entertain his guest with something else than wine and women (the former got too expensive; King Christian was actually the most heavily drinking prince in Europe of the time (reports the English ambassador). So King James ordered his highly talented court-playwright, W. Shakespeare, to go through his latest product and erase everything except scenes of action and battle (King Christian understood no English so long monologues would be sheer waste of time). The result was Macbeth with its strange persons who come and go, and nobody knows where they actually belong, but there is plenty of action).

Besides his great effort in the field of literature, King Christian also worked hard on improving Copenhagen = stronger fortification, more barracks and beautiful buildings (the Round Tower, the Stock Exchange, Rosenborg Castle etc. etc.); everything paid by the citizens via taxation. The only sad thing was that down in Europe they had started the 30 Years War, so trade wasn't nearly as profitable as it used to be. But things went from bad to worse because a great King of course had to join the fun down in Europe. Unfortunately he fell off his horse and hurt his head so he lost all the battles he tried his hand in. Instead the Protestants turned to Sweden for help, and



*Drawing by  
Henry Lauritzen, BSI.*

having conquered most of Northern Germany, the Swedes thought they might as well conquer Denmark too, so from 1658 to 1660 they besieged Copenhagen. In 1660 peace was declared, the Swedes left and the King (Frederik III) declared himself absolute. During the two years' siege he had stayed in Copenhagen and even declared that he would "die in his nest", so the citizens supported him against the nobility and were awarded with the right to pay their taxes directly to the king instead of some liege lord.

Nevertheless absolutism became most important to Copenhagen. An absolute monarch would need a suitable capital, and although Copenhagen was no longer in the geographical middle of the realm, so many wars had been fought and lost that you couldn't quite afford to build a new capital (there were plans about moving the thing to Jutland).

For the next 200 years Copenhagen grew steadily, and in the 1850es the fortifications were definitely pulled down. 40 years before that, in 1807, when the English bombarded Copenhagen, the fortifications had definitely proved their military non-value, but the absolute monarchs liked the idea of their Capital's gates being locked every night and the keys being brought up to the Castle; thus the king knew where he had his people. But then, in 1849, the people got the Constitution.

Somehow nostalgic dreams about life in Copenhagen behind the walls still exist, and audiences still flood the theatres to see "contemporary" plays written more than 150 years ago. True enough, you could walk the streets and meet Hans Christian Andersen complaining about how nobody really appreciated him (or how much his teeth hurt), or you might run into Søren Kierkegaard discussing philosophical questions with himself (he had to, nobody else understood him). But there is a tendency to forget overcrowdedness, the non-existence of sewers (the gutters had to do), dirty undrinkable water and epidemics. So perhaps it wasn't so bad after all that in 1728 two boys played with some candles and burned down 2/3 of the City (the firemen couldn't get through the crowded streets, and there was no water anyway; and in 1807 the English did much the same thing, but they needed a whole army to do what two boys could do a hundred years earlier. Now perhaps you understand why we Danes feel so superior, and why we haven't got very many old buildings left in Copenhagen.

But for the last 150 years the City has been growing steadily, though, like in most other cities in the world, people have moved from the central parts out into the suburbs. Also it has changed its characteristics radically: from being a comparatively small administrative center of a small country with some army and navy headquarters and barracks and the necessary artisans in the back yards, it turned into an industrialized city with big factories in some parts and clearly defined residential areas in others.

Unlike so many other European cities, Copenhagen got through the Second World War practically undamaged with King Christian X riding through the streets as he had always done it, but beneath the idyllic surface the war was fought with terror and sabotage, but sometimes a feeling of solidarity, alas completely forgotten nowadays, could also be experienced.



But at present Copenhagen is changing. The old City, populated by Danish workers with a considerable German minority, as had been the case for hundreds of years, changed when Denmark lost her German dukedoms in 1864, and for a hundred years there were only Danes (in 1964 Denmark had one (1) black citizen). But people began moving out into the suburbs, and the old workers' areas got populated by immigrants willing to do the hard work the Danes had grown too lazy to do themselves.

But although Copenhagen is not and never again will be what she once was, for better or for worse, she is still our fair lady: Her ups, her downs are second nature to us now ... We've grown accustomed to her face.



**THE KING OF  
SCANDINAVIA.**

King Christian IX of Denmark  
(1818-1906)

or

King Oscar II of Sweden  
(1829-1907)

From Henry Lauritzen: *The Philatelic Holmes*. Privately printed, Aalborg 1981.

*The Danish Baker Street Irregulars would like to thank ...*

*Kim  
Sjøgren*



## STATUTES for Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark (The Danish Baker Street Irregulars)

### § 1.

The name of the club shall be Sherlock Holmes Klubben i Danmark.

### § 2.

The purpose is to study both  
the canonical and apochryphal publications on Sherlock Holmes and  
to take an active part in the international Holmes-research (from Aristotle to Conan Doyle).

### § 3.

The club will accept as members anybody who can produce documentary  
or convincing evidence of his interest in the purpose.

Dues which include subscription to *Sherlockiana* are determined each year  
at the annual meeting.

Students and old age pensioners pay half price. Married couples pay 80% each.

### § 4.

The club is managed by a board of six members, who elect a president, a vice president, a  
treasurer and an accountant. The editor of *Sherlockiana* is automatically on the board.  
Elections take place on the annual meeting which is held on January 6 or thereabouts.

### § 5.

Alterations in these statutes can be made at the annual meeting  
if proposals are sent to the board  
no later than December 5 of the preceding year.

As passed on the founding meeting December 5, 1950  
and with later alterations, latest at the annual meeting January 5, 1991.

First year members drawn by later President Henry Lauritzen, B.S.I.



Aage Rieck Sørensen  
(10).  
Still active.



A.D. Henriksen (3).



Tage la Cour (17).



Eigil Cordtz (5)  
His son is now a  
member.



*The Danish Baker Street Irregulars would like to thank ...*

CARLSBERGS ⚡ IDÉ-LEGAT



*"Elementary, my dear Watson. There is no need for further investigation. This is definitely the best lager in the world."*